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NO 33
JULY

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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STORIES!





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**ONCE - IN - A -
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THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



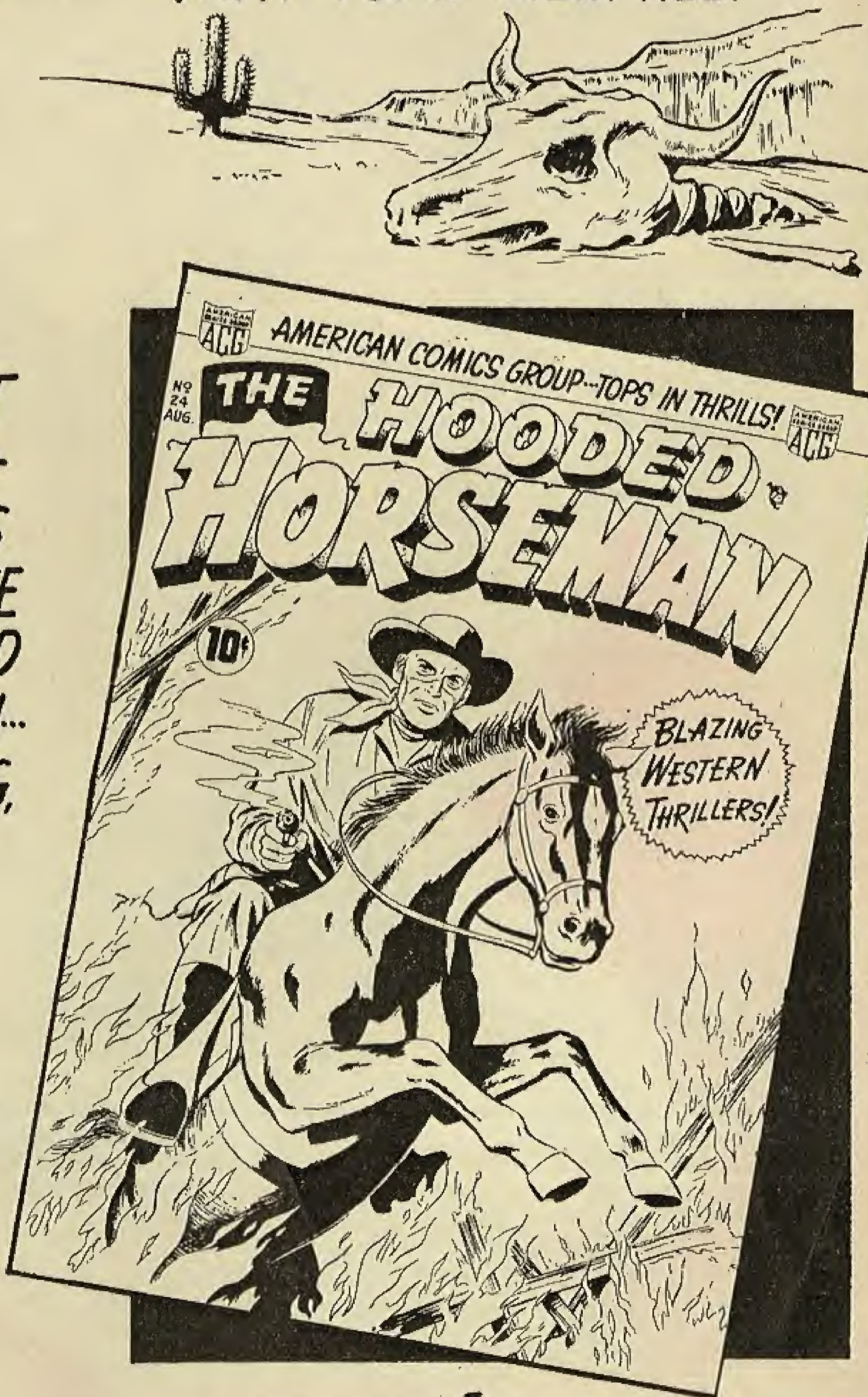
You'll **GASP AT**
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

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You've **NEVER** read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
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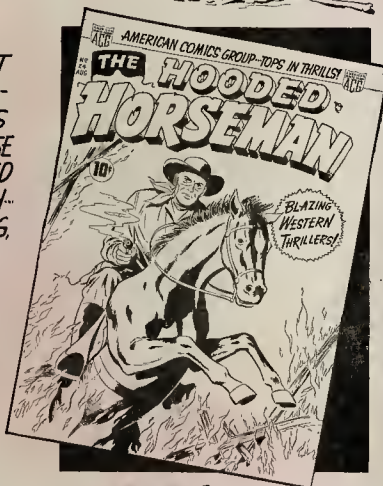
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10¢ ON ALL STANDS

WHEN WEREWOLVES HOWL



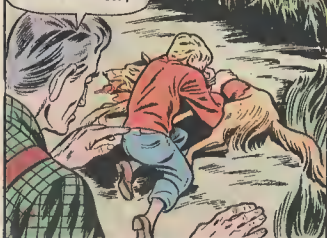
ON THE LARSON FARM..

EASY, SON-- FLASH'LL NEVER GET UP AGAIN-- NOT WHEN HE'S BEEN MANGLED LIKE THAT! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER CRITTER THAT COULD'VE DONE THAT TO A FIGHTER LIKE HIM-- A TIMBER WOLF!

OH, FLASH--
FLASH!

LOOK AT THOSE BLOODSTAINS LEADING INTO THE WOODS! FLASH MUST'VE PUT UP A GOOD SCRAP-- MAYBE WE CAN TRACK THE CRITTER TO ITS LAIR! WAIT HERE, BOBBY-- I'LL GET MY SHOTGUN!

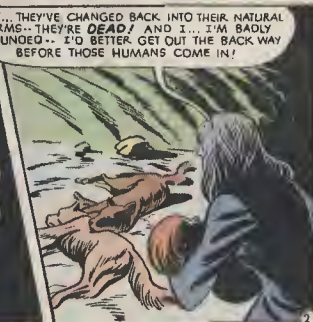
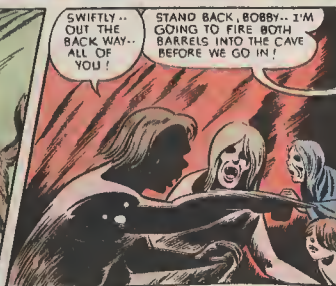
G...GET MY 8-5 GUN, TOO, DAD-- MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO AVENGE FLASH!



ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published monthly and copyright, 1952, by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, 50.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Missouri.

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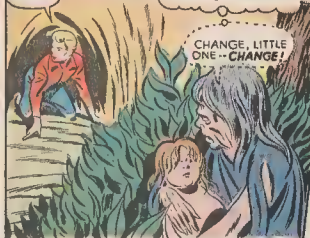
THE SHOTGUN BLASTS GOT TWO OF THEM--THE WOLF AND ITS MATE! AND NOW THAT WE'VE DISPOSED OF THESE CRITTERS, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!

NO, OAO-- I... I CAN'T GO HOME JUST YET-- THE HOUSE WOULD SEEM SO EMPTY WITHOUT FLASH! MAYBE I'D BE ABLE TO FORGET IF I KEEP BUSY-- I GUESS I'LL EXPLORE THIS CAVE AND FIND WHERE IT LEADS TO!

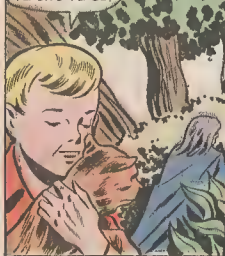


SO THIS IS THE OTHER END OF THE CAVE!

I... I'M WEAK FROM MY WOUNDS-- DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO LIVE! BUT BEFORE I GO, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE THE LITTLE ONE SURVIVES...



GOLLY, OF COURSE I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM! NOW I'VE GOT A DOG TO TAKE FLASH'S PLACE!

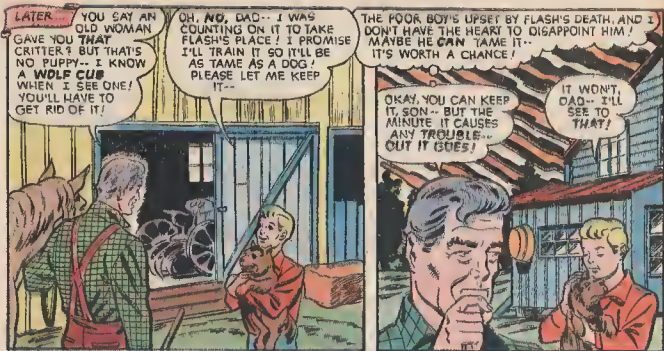


THANKS A LOT, LADY-- HUH? SHE'S GONE... SHE MUST'VE WALKED OFF BEHIND THAT SHRUBBERY!



SHE DISAPPEARED-- AND THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT A... A DEAD WOLF! I GUESS I'D BETTER GO HOME AND TELL POP THE GREAT NEWS ABOUT MY NEW PUP!





LATER...

YOU SAY AN OLD WOMAN GAVE YOU THAT CRITTER? BUT THAT'S NO PUPPY-- I KNOW A WOLF CUB WHEN I SEE ONE! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF IT!

OH, NO, DAD-- I WAS COUNTING ON IT TO TAKE FLASH'S PLACE! I PROMISE I'LL TRAIN IT SO IT'LL BE AS TAME AS A DOG! PLEASE LET ME KEEP IT--

THE POOR BOY'S UPSET BY FLASH'S DEATH, AND I DON'T HAVE THE HEART TO DISAPPOINT HIM! MAYBE HE CAN TAME IT! IT'S WORTH A CHANCE!

OKAY, YOU CAN KEEP IT, SON-- BUT THE MINUTE IT CAUSES ANY TROUBLE-- OUT IT GOES!

IT WON'T, DAD-- I'LL SEE TO THAT!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE TAMED, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO START LEARNING SOME MANNERS! SO JUST SIT UP AND BEG FOR THIS BONE-- COME ON-- SIT UP AND BEG!

SUDDENLY...

HUM?

THEN, IN AN EQUALLY SWIFT TRANSFORMATION...

IT... IT WAS A BABY-- AND NOW IT'S CHANGED BACK INTO A CUB! MOM... DAD-- COME HERE-- QUICK!

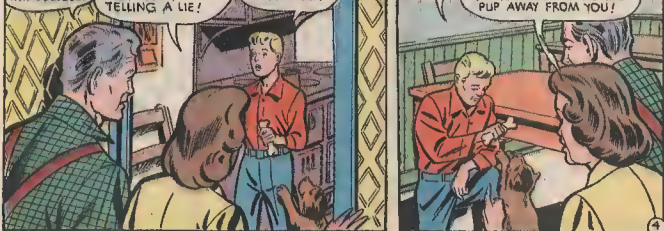
THE CUB CHANGED INTO A HUMAN INFANT-- AND THEN BACK TO A CUB AGAIN? IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO PRETEND SUCH A THING HAPPENED, BOBBY-- BUT IF YOU SAY IT REALLY HAPPENED, THEN YOU'RE TELLING A LIE!

BUT IT DID HAPPEN! IT CHANGED INTO A BABY WHEN IT COULDN'T REACH THE BONE-- HERE, I'LL TRY IT AGAIN AND SHOW YOU!

GOLLY-- IT... IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK NOW!

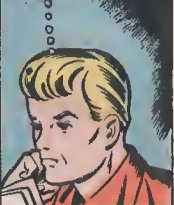
AND IT DIDN'T WORK BEFORE EITHER! I CAN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU, BOBBY-- BUT IF YOU PERSIST IN TELLING SUCH A RIDICULOUS LIE, YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PUNISHED-- PERHAPS BY TAKING THE PUP AWAY FROM YOU!



I'M SURE I DIDN'T **IMAGINE** THAT YOU CHANGED, BOY... AND THE ONLY OTHER EXPLANATION IS THAT YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE **WEREWOLVES** I'VE READ ABOUT! I GUESS YOU WANTED THAT BONE SO BADLY THAT YOU FORGOT YOU SHOULDN'T REVEAL YOUR SECRET TO A HUMAN! WELL, IF YOU FORGOT YOURSELF ONCE, YOU'LL DO IT AGAIN... AND I'LL JUST WAIT FOR IT!

THAT NIGHT... THE ENCYCLOPEDIA SAYS THAT WILD WOLVES GENERALLY LIVE TO THE AGE OF 10-- WHICH WOULD MAKE A 10 YEAR OLD WOLF THE SAME AS AN 80 YEAR OLD HUMAN! THAT MEANS THAT A YEAR OLD WEREWOLF WOULD TURN INTO AN 8 YEAR OLD HUMAN-- AND SINCE THE CUB IS ABOUT 3 MONTHS OLD NOW-- IT'S ABOUT 2 YEARS OLD ON THE HUMAN SCALE-- AND THAT INFANT I SAW WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS OLD!

THAT **PROVES** MY THEORY IS CORRECT! I'LL CALL THE CUB **LUPUS**-- AND TRAIN IT AND TEACH IT AS IF IT WERE A HUMAN-- UNTIL IT TRUSTS ME ENOUGH TO **CHANGE INTO A HUMAN WHEN I ASK IT TO!**



AS THE MONTHS PASS FLEETLY...

IT'S BEEN ABOUT 9 MONTHS SINCE I SAW YOU CHANGE INTO A HUMAN, **LUPUS**-- WHICH MEANS THAT YOU'RE ABOUT A YEAR OLD NOW AS A WOLF, OR ABOUT 8 YEARS OLD AS A HUMAN! I'M SURE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING-- SO I'LL TELL YOU AGAIN THAT I'M YOUR **FRIEND**-- AND YOU CAN TRUST ME TO KEEP YOUR SECRET! THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO STAY IN YOUR WOLF-FORM WHEN WE'RE ALONE-- OH, OH, MOM'S CALLING ME!

BOBBY-- BOBBIEEE!



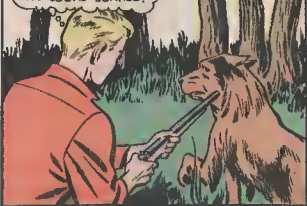
THAT CHICKEN HAS BEEN CLAWED AND BITTEN TO DEATH-- AND THE ONLY CREATURE ON THE FARM THAT WOULD DO THAT IS **LUPUS**! IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, HE'LL HAVE TO BE SHOT!

ALL RIGHT, MOM-- I'LL MAKE SURE HE **DOESN'T** DO IT AGAIN!



OKAY, **LUPUS**-- IT'S TIME FOR A **SHOWDOWN!** EITHER YOU CHANGE INTO YOUR HUMAN STATE AND WE HAVE A HEART TO HEART TALK-- OR ELSE!

MY BLUFF IS WORKING-- HE LOOKS SCARED!

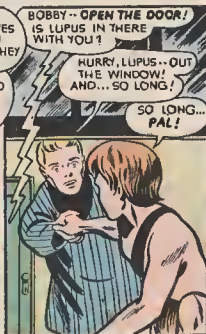
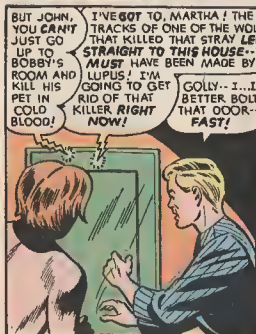
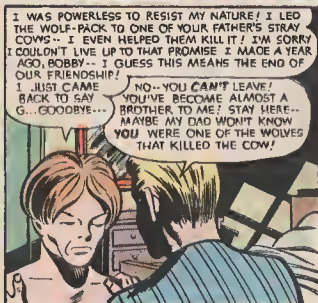
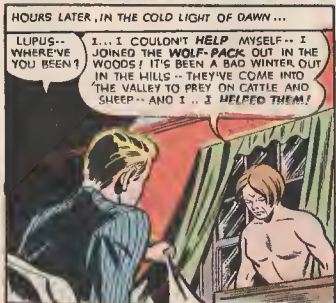
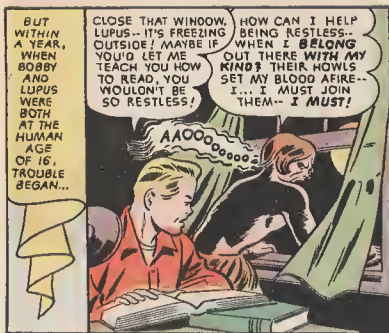


SUDDENLY-- IN A DAZZLING TRANSFORMATION...

I WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG-- YOU ARE A WERE-WOLF!

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! I WAS HOPING YOU'D FORGET THAT ONE TIME I MADE THE MISTAKE OF SHOWING YOU MY WERE-NATURE, BUT YOU **DIDN'T!**





MOMENTS LATER...

THEN WHERE IS LUPUS IF HE'S NOT HERE? WAIT-- WOLF-TRACKS LEADING AWAY FROM THE WINDOW! HE'LL BE EASY TO TRACK IN THIS SOFT SNOW-- I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

I CAN'T LET LUPUS DIE-- I'LL HAVE TO STOP DAD SOME WAY!

I... I'LL GET YOUR HUNTING JACKET, DAD-- I'M GOING WITH YOU!

I'M GLAD YOU REALIZE THAT LUPUS IS A TERRIBLE MENACE, SON-- AND I'M PROUD THAT YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO WANT TO BE IN ON THE KILL! WE'LL TRACK HIM TO HIS LAIR SOON ENOUGH-- AND THEN I'LL BLAST HIM TO KINGDOM COME!

HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I TOOK OUT ALL THE SPARE SHOTGUN SHELLS FROM HIS HUNTING JACKET-- IF HE MISSES THE FIRST SHOTS, LUPUS WILL GO FREE!

SUDDENLY-- SKULKING SHAPES EMERGE FROM THE GLOOM OF THE WOODS!

LOOK, DAD-- WOLVES-- A WHOLE PACK OF THEM!

GREAT SCOTT--THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED! DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE, BOBBY-- WE'RE SAFE AS LONG AS MY AMMUNITION HOLDS OUT!

HA-- LOOK AT 'EM SCATTER BACK INTO THE WOODS! A FEW MORE BLASTS-- AND THEY'LL BE RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES!

BAM! BAM!

WHA-- I... I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE SHELLS!

I... I NEVER DREAMED WE'D NEED THOSE SHELLS!

THE...THE WOLVES ARE COMING BACK AGAIN, DAD! WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE CAN'T MAKE A RUN FOR IT-- THEY'O HAUL US DOWN BEFORE WE WENT A DOZEN STEPS! AND THOSE BRUTES ARE RAVENOUS, GAUNT WITH HUNGER-- THEY'RE LIABLE TO CHARGE US ANY MINUTE! BUT WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING, SON!

WAIT-- THERE'S LUPUS-- I RECOGNIZE HIM! MAYBE HE'S COMING TO HELP US!

LUPUS... LUPUS, BOY-- I CAME OUT HERE TO TRY TO SAVE YOU-- IF YOU'VE EVER LOVED ME, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US NOW! I KNOW IT WON'T BE EASY, I KNOW YOU'RE TORN BY YOUR DOUBLE NATURE-- BUT THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE THAT YOU'RE AS NOBLE AS THE BRAVEST HUMAN, DESPITE THE ANIMAL IN YOU!

BOBBY, GET BACK-- THE PACK IS CHARGING!

FOR A MOMENT LUPUS HESITATES, TORN BY THE CONFLICTING EMOTIONS IN HIS DUAL NATURE! THEN, LIKE A COILED SPRING UNLEASHED...

LOOK! HE'S DOING IT, DAD-- HE'S BATTLING FOR US!

DHH--THEY'RE GANGING UP ON HIM-- THEY'RE TEARING HIM APART!

YES, THEY'RE ALL TURNING ON HIM AS A TRAITOR, BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL SAVE OUR LIVES-- BECAUSE HUNGRY WOLVES ARE MADDENED BY THE SCENT OF BLOOD-- THEY'LL DEVOUR THEIR OWN KIND IF ONE IS BLEEDING!

HALLO THERE-- WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTING ABOUT?

YE GAOS-- WOLVES! FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS-- SO WE DON'T HIT THE LARSONS!

LOOK-- THE SHOTS ARE FRIGHTENING THE WOLVES AWAY!

BAM! BAM!

THANKS, NEIGHBORS!

LUCKY YOUR WIFE WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU, LARSON-- SHE PHONED A FEW OF THE NEAREST FARM-HOUSES AND TOLD US WHICH WAY YOU WERE HEADIN'-- IT WAS EASY TO FOLLOW YOUR TRAIL IN THE SNOW!

OH, LUPUS... LUPUS-- WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? TALK TO ME, LUPUS-- TALK TO ME!

ONCE MORE-- THAT STRANGE TRANSFORMATION...

THIS... THIS IS OUR FINAL GOODBYE... BOBBY! SO LONG... (GASP!)... PAL!

HOLY SMOKE-- AM I SEEIN' THINGS?

OH, LUPUS... LUPUS!

IT-- IT MUST'VE BEEN ONE OF THOSE HALLUCINATION THINGS!

I... I DON'T CARE WHETHER YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE OWN SENSES OR NOT-- ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'VE JUST LOST A FRIEND, ALMOST A BROTHER! AND I... I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT LUPUS GETS A HUMAN BURIAL IN THE FAMILY PLOT-- JUST AS IF HE WERE MY BROTHER!

THE NEXT TIME YOU HEAR THE MOORNFUL HOWL OF A WOLF-PACK OFF IN THE DISTANCE, READER, JUST PAUSE TO ASK YOURSELF THE QUESTION-- WOLVES OR WEREWOLVES?


 EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

THERE'S summer in the air—and to most, it spells time for relaxation—for pursuing pleasure in a variety of ways. But for us it spells a busman's holiday—to be spent in our favorite diversion, hunting *haunts*! For the fascination of the *Unknown* knows no seasons, and publishing America's greatest comics magazine of the Supernatural is a year-round job which allows for no respite. And so, as we call to order this month's meeting of the countless loyal fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," we do so with the knowledge that ahead of us lies a busy schedule. We plan to make this the greatest summer in our magazine's history—to while away your hours with the most exciting and challenging issues we've ever published.

We don't mind admitting that you've helped us mightily in this endeavor. Yes, you—our best friends and severest critics! We've invited your criticism at all times, and we thank you for it. You've made known your likes and dislikes; told us exactly what you wanted to see in "*Adventures Into The Unknown*." And we've done our level best to bring it to you! And this, the first of our summer issues, shows the result of adhering to your wants in framing an all-star number that brings the Supernatural into thrilling life! We guarantee you'll go all out for "*When Werewolves Howl*," one of the most fascinating weird tales any book has ever carried. But don't dare relax when you've finished it—you're in for further spine-tingling thrills in "*The Monsters Strike!*" Then there's "*The Girl Who Died Twice!*"—an eerie yarn that will grip you. "*The Lair of Lost Souls*" is a strange story of jungle mystery—and "*Fiend of Midnight*" is

a tense tale you'll never forget! Yes, we think it's a swell issue—what do you think?

Remember—we're waiting for your opinions! We'll print your letter, if we have space. Send it to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And now let's dip into our mailbag and see what some of our other readers have to say!

"Dear Editor:

I was fortunate enough to see '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' on the newsstands and more fortunate still to have bought a copy. I wonderingly opened it, for it was different from any comics magazine I had seen. I was fascinated by it. I realize that its popularity caused dozens of other magazines of this type to appear, but none of its imitators have been able to attain the high level of your stories and art work.

—R. A. MacDonell, Raleigh, N. C."

"Dear Editor:

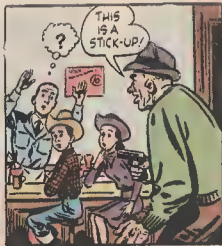
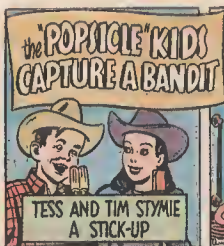
Besides having the most sensationally weird stories I've ever read, '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' also has wonderful art work. How about having your artists sign their work?

—Roy Nevlan, St. Paul, Minn."

"Dear Editor:

In my opinion, '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is the best comic published. I've compared it with a 130-page magazine of long novelet weird stories, and truthfully can say that your beautifully illustrated magazine is better.

—Warren Freiberg, Cicero, Ill."



GET SWELL GIFTS... SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!
on any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

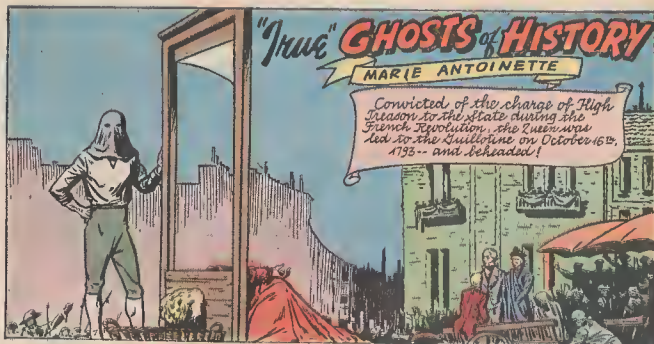
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MARIE ANTOINETTE WAS ONE OF FRANCE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PLEASURE-LOVING QUEENS-- AND EVEN DEATH HAS APPARENTLY BEEN UNABLE TO KEEP HER RESTLESS SPIRIT IN HER GRAVE!



EACH YEAR, IT IS SAID, THE GHOST OF MARIE ANTOINETTE MATERIALIZES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER EXECUTION TO WALK THE STREETS FOR A FEW BRIEF HOURS, HER HANDS STRETCHED BEFORE HER AS IF TO FEEL THE WAY FOR HER SIGHTLESS BODY!



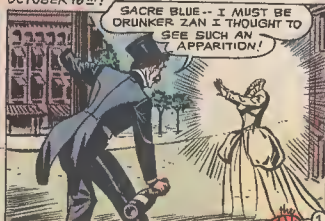
YES, THE QUEEN APPARENTLY LOVED THE PLEASURES OF LIFE TOO MUCH TO GIVE THEM UP SO EASILY-- FOR ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 16th, 1794, A FEW ASTONISHED PEASANTS SAW AN INCREDIBLE WRAITH RISING FROM THE COBBLESTONES WHERE THE GUILLOTINE HAD STOOD!

MON DIEU! A... A HEADLESS GHOST WEARING THE ROYAL ROBES! IT... IT MUST BE THE SPECTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE!

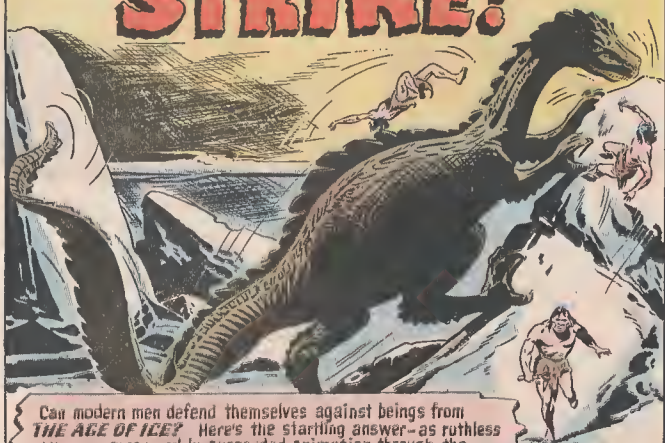


THE YEARS HAVE PASSED, NEW BUILDINGS HAVE ARISEN ON THE SITE OF THE OLD EXECUTION SQUARE-- BUT STILL, THE LOCAL PARISIANS SAY, THE HEADLESS GHOST OF MARIE ANTOINETTE CAN BE SEEN BY THOSE WHO DARE TO BE AT THE SITE ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 16th!

SACRE BLUE-- I MUST BE DRUNKER ZAN I THOUGHT TO SEE SUCH AN APPARITION!



THE MONSTERS STRIKE!



Can modern men defend themselves against beings from **THE AGE OF ICE?** Here's the startling answer—as ruthless cavemen, preserved in suspended animation through the centuries, invade a city—and match savage cunning against the weapons of science!

OUTSIDE THE CIVIC MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY --

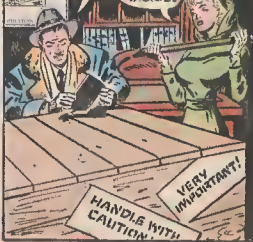
THAT WAS AN URGENT MESSAGE I GOT, MARGA -- THE RECEIVING CLERK PHONED TO SAY THAT A SPECIAL SHIPMENT WAS DELIVERED JUST AFTER THE MUSEUM CLOSED!

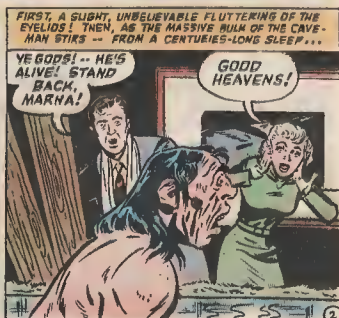
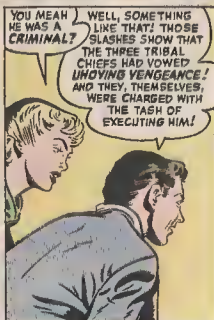
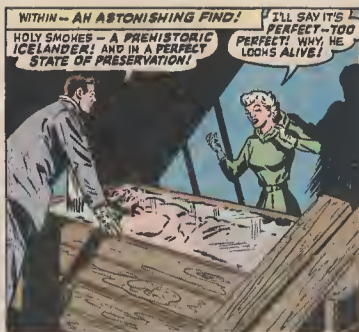
BUT WHY MUST WE OPEN IT TONIGHT, BILL?

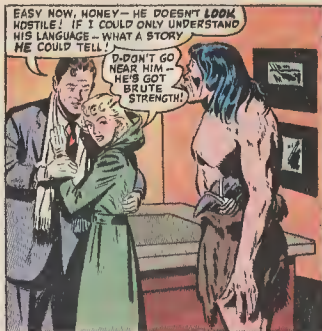
BECAUSE THE CRATE IS MARKED FOR THE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION OF THE CURATOR -- OPEN WITH EXTREME CAUTION! I'M PLENTY CURIOUS!

THIS IS GREAT -- IT'S FROM OUR ARCTIC EXPEDITION! I'LL BET THEY'VE MADE A REAL FIND!

WELL? WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? FRY OFF THE SIDE -- AND LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!





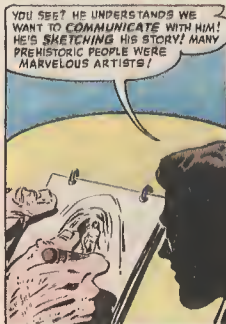


EASY NOW, MONEY— HE DOESN'T LOOK HOSTILE! IF I COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND HIS LANGUAGE— WHAT A STORY HE COULD TELL!

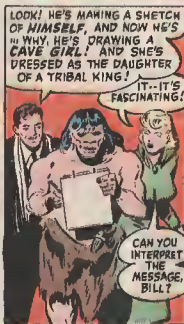
D-DON'T GO NEAR HIM— HE'S GOT BRUTE STRENGTH!



HOLD EVERYTHING... I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL GIVE HIM THIS DRAWING PAD AND A CRAYON! MAYBE HE'LL TELL US HIS STORY... IN PICTURES!



YOU SEE? HE UNDERSTANDS WE WANT TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIM! HE'S SKETCHING HIS STORY! MANY PREHISTORIC PEOPLE WERE MARVELOUS ARTISTS!



LOOK! HE'S MAKING A SKETCH OF HIMSELF, AND NOW HE'S WHY HE'S DRAWING A CAVE GIRL! AND SHE'S DRESSED AS THE DAUGHTER OF A TRIBAL KING!

IT—IT'S FASCINATING!

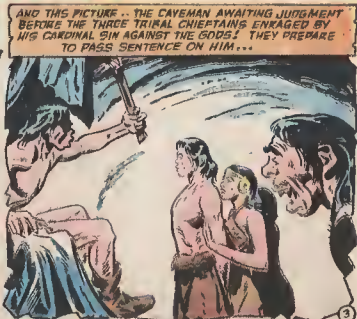
CAN YOU INTERPRET THE MESSAGE, BILL?



YES, BILL COULD INTERPRET! THE GIRL WAS AN ICE AGE PRINCESS! SHE AND THE CAVEMAN LOVED EACH OTHER, BUT IT WAS A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE! THE HEADBAND INDICATED SHE'D BEEN CHOSEN BY THE TRIBE AS THE BRIDE OF THEIR GOD...



BUT SPIES FOLLOWED THE PRINCESS, SURPRISED THE LOVERS AT ONE OF THEIR STOLEN MEETINGS!

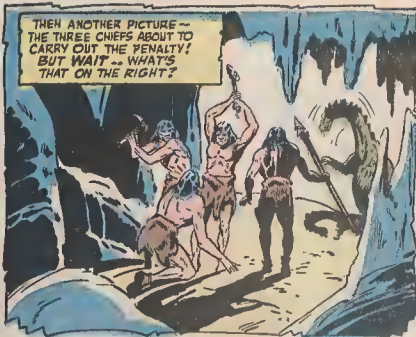


AND THIS PICTURE... THE CAVEMAN AWAITING JUDGMENT BEFORE THE THREE TRIBAL CHIEFTAINS ENRAGED BY HIS CARDINAL SIN AGAINST THE GODS! THEY PREPARE TO PASS SENTENCE ON HIM...

**AND NOW THE SLASH OF DOOM --
MEANING THE SENTENCE
WAS DEATH!**



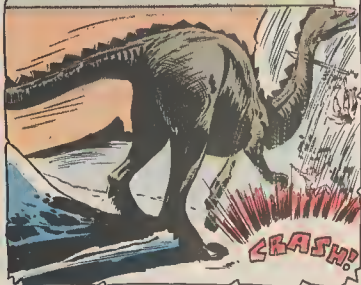
THEN ANOTHER PICTURE --
THE THREE CHIEFS ABOUT TO
CARRY OUT THE PENALTY!
BUT WAIT -- WHAT'S
THAT ON THE RIGHT?



IT'S A RAGING DINOSAUR! AND LOOK! -- A
HURLED SPEAR IS HITTING -- IN A VITAL SPOT!



AND NOW THE WOUNDED ANIMAL COLLAPSES, ITS FALL
DISLODGING TONS OF ICE WHICH ROAR DOWN AND
COVER ALL FOUR MEN!



IT'S EASY TO FIGURE OUT THE
REST, MARNA -- THE FOUR ICE AGE
MEN WERE ENTOMBED BY THE
AVALANCHE, THEIR BODIES FROZEN
INTO A STATE OF SUSPENDED
ANIMATION! THERE THEY REMAINED
THROUGHOUT THE AGES UNTIL OUR
ARCTIC EXPEDITION DUG THIS
CAVEMAN OUT OF HIS COLD TOMB!
THE HEAT HAS FINALLY
REVIVED HIM AND...

THEN, RISING OMINOUSLY FROM
THE CRATE -- A DREAD ANSWER!

B-BILL!
LOOK!

YE GODS -- I DIDN'T
THINK TO LOOK AT WHAT
ELSE WAS PACKED IN
THAT CRATE! THE
THREE ICE AGE
CHIEFS!

YES, BUT THE THREE
TRIBAL CHIEFS WERE
BURIED IN THE SAME
SPOT! WHAT
BECAME OF THEM?

STAND BACK -- YOU DEVILS! HOLY
SMOKE -- THEY WANT TO COMPLETE
THE EXECUTION, EVEN AFTER A
LAPSE OF CENTURIES!





LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE PANIC SPREADS LIKE A WIND-LASHED PRAIRIE FIRE --

FLASH! ... LATEST REPORTS ON FUGITIVES... APPEARED IN NORTHEAST SECTION OF CITY AND ATTACKED TWO PEDESTRIANS, DESTROYED A BUILDING, TORE DOWN TELEPHONE POLES... STATE GUARD ENCIRCLING AREA ... ALL PATROLS STAND BY FOR EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS...



CAPTURING THEM ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY; REMEMBER, THEY'RE CREATURES FROM AN ERA WHERE THEY FACED CONSTANT DANGER! THEY'VE LEARNED, INSTINCTIVELY, TO OUTWIT PURSUERS! THEY'RE CANNY AS BEASTS IN THE JUNGLE!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, WE'RE IN FOR PLenty OF TROUBLE!



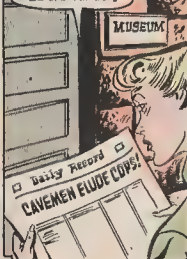
I'M WORRIED, BILL! I HAVE A STRANGE PREMONITION THOSE CAVEMEN WILL CIRCLE BACK--AND ATTACK US!

RELAX, MARNA! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AND HAVE THE POLICE POST A GUARD OUTSIDE!



NEXT MORNING ...

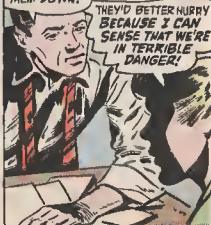
JUST AS BILL PREDICTED-- THEY'RE TOO CLEVER TO BE CAPTURED!



MINUTES LATER--

I'VE BEEN CHECKING THE REPORTS ALL NIGHT! THE CAVEMEN ARE LEAVING A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION-- BUT EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THE STATE IS ORGANIZING TO HUNT THEM DOWN!

THEY'D BETTER HURRY BECAUSE I CAN SENSE THAT WE'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER!

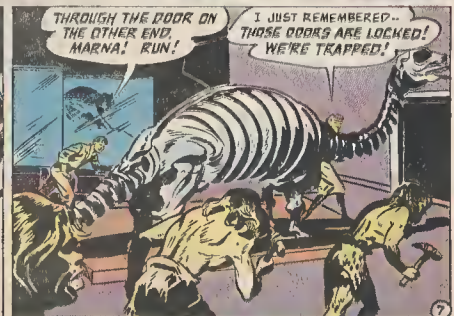
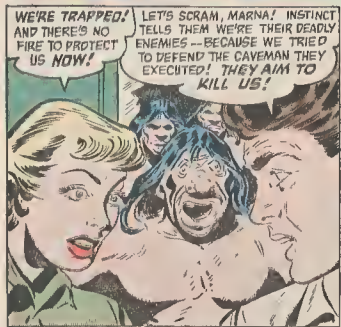
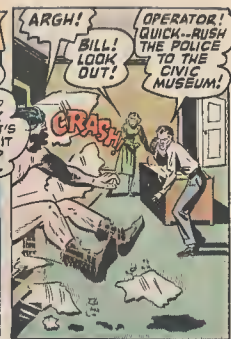
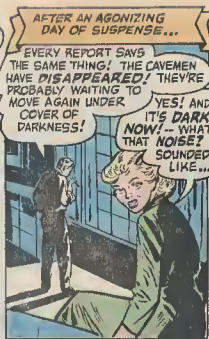


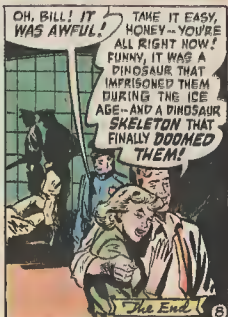
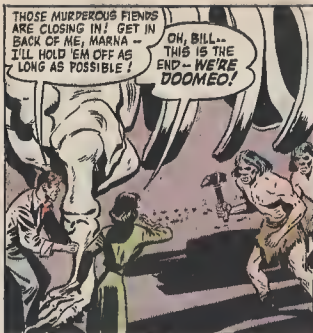
I'VE ALWAYS SAID YOU'VE GOT PLenty OF IMAGINATION, MARNA - BUT TAKE IT EASY! MAYBE THIS IS THE POLICE NOW -- REPORTING THE CAVEMEN HAVE BEEN CAPTURED!



WHAT? THE CAVEMEN HAVE RETURNED TO THIS SECTION OF THE CITY! AND YOU'VE NOW LOST THEIR TRAIL! GOOD GRIEF!







This never happened to Your bike before!

The ALL new

U.S. ROYAL RIDER



"JET RIDE"

**Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!**

- Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire made! Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did. It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast 165% farther!
- Lasts Twice as Long as ordinary bike tires! Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- Maneuvers like a "Lightweight"—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- Grips and Holds the Road in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!



U.S. ROYAL BICYCLE TIRES

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

"True" GHOSTS of Antiquity

ONE OF THE EARLIEST-REPORTED GHOSTS OF HISTORY WAS THAT DESCRIBED IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. BY THE FAMED ROMAN NATURALIST, PLINY THE YOUNGER, WHO TOLD OF A NOTORIOUS HAUNTED HOUSE IN ATHENS WHICH BECAME INHABITABLE BECAUSE OF THE CONSTANT RATTLING OF GHOSTLY CHAINS WITHIN...



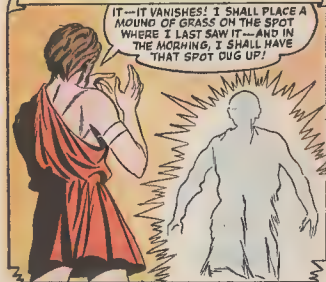
ALL THROUGH THAT FIRST NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE, ATHENODORUS IGNORED THE WEIRD RATTlings OF CHAINS AROUND HIM WHILE HE WROTE BUSILY--- BUT FINALLY...

BY ZEUS--- A SPECTER... WITHOUT BODILY SUBSTANCE!



IN ANSWER, THE GHOST BECKONED ATHENODORUS TO FOLLOW HIM--- AND THE PHILOSOPHER DID SO! THEN, IN THE COURTYARD BEHIND THE HOUSE...

IT--- IT VANISHES! I SHALL PLACE A MOUND OF GRASS ON THE SPOT WHERE I LAST SAW IT--- AND IN THE MORNING, I SHALL HAVE THAT SPOT DUG UP!



TENANTS WHO PERSISTED IN LIVING IN THE HOUSE WERE SAID TO HAVE DIED STRANGE, AGONIZING DEATHS--- UNTIL THE PHILOSOPHER ATHENODORUS FINALLY RENTED IT FOR A RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE!



THOSE WHOSE MINDS ARE FORTIFIED WITH THE WISDOM OF PHILOSOPHY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE SUPERNATURAL!

WHAT WOULDST THOU OF ME, VISITOR FROM THE SHADES?



AT THE SPOT THE GHOST HAD VANISHED THERE WAS FOUND A SKELETON WITH CHAINED HANDS AND FEET--- AND WHEN THE SKELETON WAS TAKEN AWAY AND BURIED PROPERLY, THE HAUNTED HOUSE LOST ITS GHOSTLY HAUNT!



END

WARNING TO THE READER!

Once in a while we come across a story so eerie that we hesitate to publish it -- a story that makes you say, with a shudder, "That could happen to me!" Well, then -- unless you know exactly who all your ancestors were, proceed with caution as you read this tale of gasping thrills and strange love...

The GIRL WHO DIED TWICE!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE PRESENT -- WITH A SCENE THAT GIVES NO HINT OF IMPENDING DISASTER --

OH, HARRY, THE RING'S BEAUTIFUL! ONLY -- IT'S SO SUDDEN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

JUST SAY YOU'LL BECOME MRS. HARRY SLADE, SWEETHEART!

BUT I -- I JUST MET YOU A MONTH AGO! EVEN THOUGH I'VE SEEN YOU EVERY DAY, I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT YOU!

THEN IT MUST BE TRUE LOVE, DEAREST! AFTER ALL, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT YOU, EITHER!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING ABOUT MY FAMILY TREE -- THEN THERE WON'T BE ANY DOUBT IN YOUR MIND! SEE YOU LATER, DARLING!

HEY, FORGET IT! I KNOW EVERYTHING I WANT TO ABOUT YOU!

Later...

HOPE THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE...

D. BOWER
GENEALOGIST

AND THUS, WHAT STARTED AS A CASUAL JOKE, BECAME A DEADLY SERIOUS AFFAIR IN JESSIE'S MIND -- AND THE STAGE WAS SET FOR -- HORROR!

... AND YOU SAY YOU CAN TRACE MY ANCESTORS -- WAY BACK?

THAT'S MY JOB, MISS DAWES! FIRST, LET ME ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...

ONE WEEK LATER... RETURNING TO THE OFFICE OF DAN BOWER -- JESSIE LEARNED SHOCKING NEWS!

WELL, MISS DAWES -- YOUR FAMILY BACKGROUND IS A GOOD ONE -- AND YET... THERE ARE A FEW -- ER -- STRANGE THINGS I CAN'T EXPLAIN!

STRANGE? WHY -- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IN THE PAST THREE HUNDRED YEARS, THERE HAVE BEEN TWO OTHER JESSIES IN THE DAWES FAMILY -- BUT I CAN FIND ONLY THEIR DEATH RECORDS!

THERE ARE NO BIRTH RECORDS!

-- FURTHERMORE, EACH JESSIE DAWES DIED VIOLENTLY -- IN SHORT, THEY WERE MURDERED!

THAT'S INCREDIBLE! WH -- WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW, MISS DAWES! IT MAY BE JUST COINCIDENCE! I'LL HAVE TO STUDY IT FURTHER!

HER HEART BEATING STRANGELY, JESSIE HURRIED TO MEET HARRY SLADE --

THOSE UNUSUAL FINDINGS OF DAN BOWERS -- THEY DISTURB ME -- AND SO DOES HE! GOLLY, MAYBE I'VE BEEN TOO HASTY -- MAYBE I DON'T CARE FOR HARRY AS MUCH AS I'D THOUGHT!

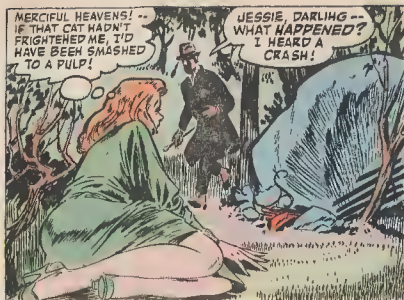
HMMM, THAT'S FUNNY -- HARRY TOLD ME TO MEET HIM HERE, BUT THE PLACE IS DESERTED, EXCEPT FOR THIS CAT! HERE, KITTY -- HICE KITTY!

SUDDENLY, WITH A DEMONIC SNARL, THE CAT LEAPED!

OH! HELP!

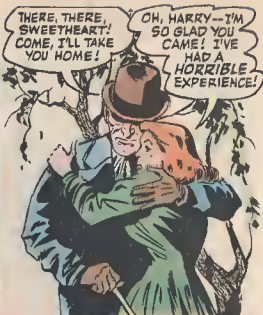
AS JESSIE FELL BACKWARD --

THAT BENCH -- IT'S BEEN CRUSHED BY A HUGE BOULDER! -- AND I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SIT DOWN ON IT!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS! --
IF THAT CAT HADN'T
FRIGHTENED ME, I'D
HAVE BEEN SMASHED
TO A PULP!

JESSIE, DARLING --
WHAT HAPPENED?
I HEARD A
CRASH!



THERE, THERE,
SWEETHEART!
COME, I'LL TAKE
YOU HOME!

OH, HARRY--I'M
SO GLAD YOU
CAME! I'VE
HAD A
HORRIBLE
EXPERIENCE!

CONFUSED AND SHAWEN BY HER OROEAL, JESSIE
NEGLECTED TO TELL HARRY THE STRANGE STORY
OF HER ANCESTRY! ONCE AT HOME, SHE RETIRED--
BUT REST ELUDED HER FRAYED NERVES!



OH, WHY CAN'T
I SLEEP? THAT
AWFUL CAT!--
I CAN'T GET THE
PICTURE OF ITS
SNARLING,
SPITTING FORM
OUT OF MY
MIND!

AS UNEASY TOSSING MERGED INTO FITFUL
SLEEP, A NIGHTMARE TOOK ON DREADFUL
SHAPE --



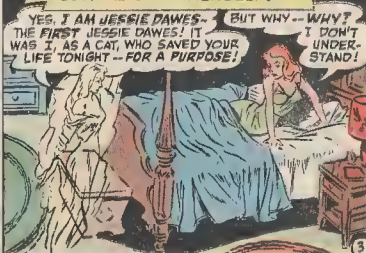
OH, NO!
PLEASE--
LEAVE ME
ALONE!
PLEASE!

TERRIFIED, JESSIE AWOKE --TO BEHOLD
THE BALEFULLY GLOWING EYES OF --



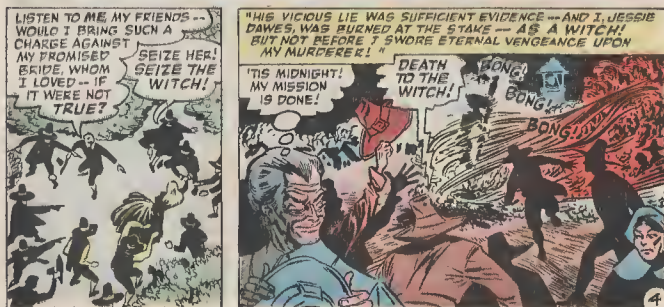
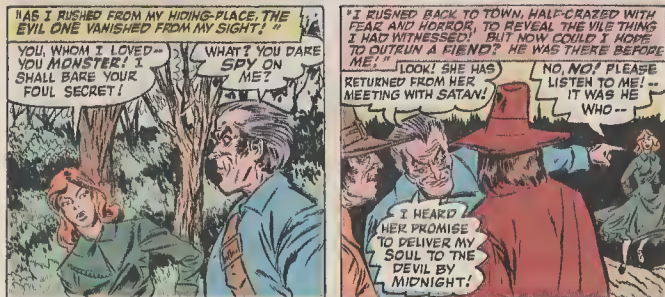
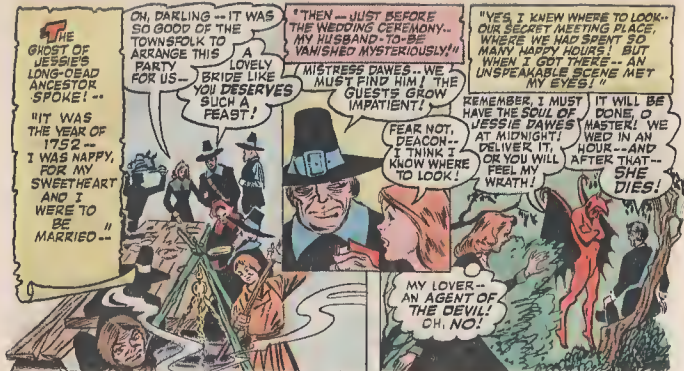
NO--NO! IT--IT
CAN'T BE TRUE!
I'M STILL
DREAMING--
I MUST
BE!

EVEN AS SHE STARED AND TREMBLED IN DISBELIEF,
THE FORM OF THE GREAT CAT SUDDENLY UNDERWENT
AN INCREDIBLE TRANSFORMATION--AND
THEN--STANDING THERE AT THE FOOT OF HER
BED, SHE SAW -- HERSELF!



YES, I AM JESSIE DAWES--
THE FIRST JESSIE DAWES! IT
WAS I, AS A CAT, WHO SAVED YOUR
LIFE TONIGHT -- FOR A PURPOSE!

BUT WHY--WHY?
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND!



"SO IT WAS -- AND HERE AM I,
A FORGOTTEN GHOST, DOOMED TO
ETERNAL WANDERING --"

FOR I HAVE VOWED
REVENGE -- AND EACH CENTURY
I RETURN AS A REINCARNATED
JESSIE DAWES! -- BUT, TWICE,
THE CLEVER FIEND HAS
OUTWITTED ME --
MURDERED ME!

AND NOW, THIS TIME,
I MUST WIN -- OR ROAM THE
TWILIGHT WORLD
FOREVER!

IS -- IS THERE
ANY WAY
I CAN
HELP YOU?

NO -- BECAUSE
THE ARCH-VILLAIN
IS FIENDISHLY
CLEVER! YOU
ARE TO BE HIS
NEXT
VICTIM!

AN ICY SHIVER OF FEAR CREEPT ALONG JESSIE'S
SPINE AS A DREAD QUESTION FORMED IN HER
BRAIN:

THE ARCH-VILLAIN?
WH--WHO DO YOU MEAN? --
**WHO IS THIS
MONSTER?**

YOUR
SWEETHEART --
HARRY
SLADE!

IT WAS SLADE WHO TRIED
TO KILL YOU WITH THAT
ROCK TONIGHT! AND IT
IS SLADE WHO WILL
NOT FAIL,
NEXT TIME!

I -- I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! **I WON'T!**

NEXT DAY, IN AN AGONY OF
DOUBT, JESSIE SOUGHT THE
AID OF THE ONE PERSON WHO
COULD HELP HER...

... AND THAT'S
THE WHOLE STORY,
MR. BOWER!
OH, WHAT CAN
I DO?

I'LL CHECK ON
SLADE,
FIRST!
MEANWHILE,
GET SOME REST
-- JESSIE!

THE
GIRL'S
OBVIOUSLY
OUT OF
HER MIND!
STILL -- I
WONDER --

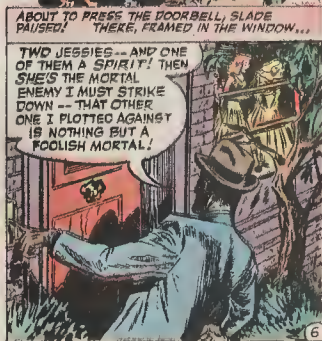
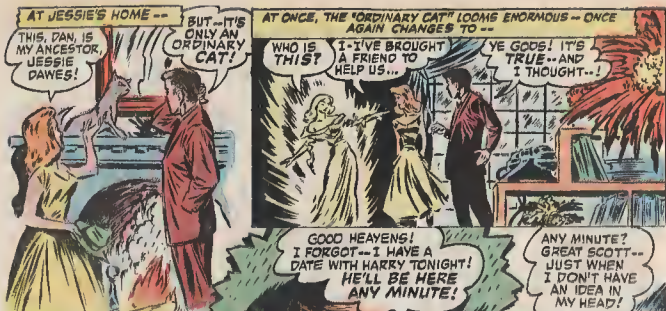
A DAY OF FEVERISH RESEARCH
PRODUCED AWFUL
EVIDENCE!

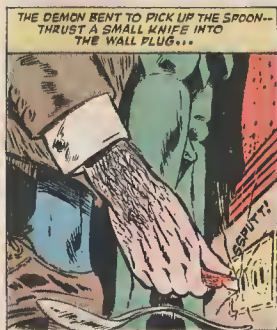
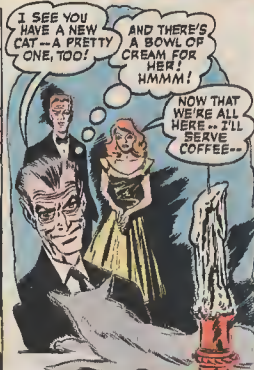
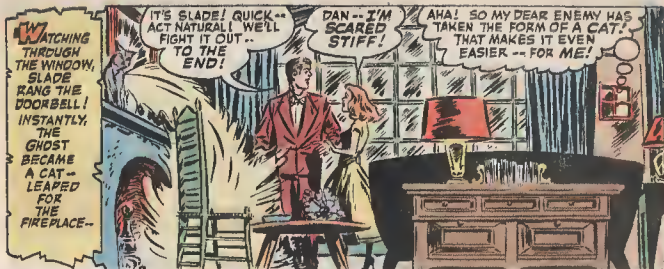
ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS,
HARRY SLADE WAS NEVER
BORN! HE APPEARED OUT OF
NOWHERE JUST BEFORE YOU
MET HIM! IT
MUST BE A
COINCIDENCE,
OF COURSE.

NO -- IT'S
ALL TRUE!
I'M
DOOMED!

NONSENSE! WE'RE GOING TO
BEAT THIS THING -- TOGETHER!
FIRST, TAKE ME TO SEE
THIS "GHOST"
OF YOURS!

BUT CAN HUMAN CLEVERNESS
DEFEAT THE ALL POWERFUL
INTELLIGENCE OF THE SUPER-
NATURAL? IN ALL OF HISTORY,
IT HAS BEEN DONE BUT RARELY --
AND THEN ONLY BY THOSE POSSESSED
BY SUPREME COURAGE!





CRUELLY TOYING WITH HIS VICTIMS, SATAN'S DISCIPLE VOLUNTEERED TO REPLACE THE FUSE--WHILE THE TWO MORTALS WAITED IN TERROR!



THE FUSE BOX IS IN THE CELLAR -- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

INSTANTLY, THE SILENT CAT RESUMED HER GHOSTLY SHAPE! AND THEN-- A MESSAGE OF HOPE!

SHH! .. SLADE FORGOT THAT CATS CAN SEE IN THE DARK! NOW--QUICKLY--OO AS I TELL YOU!

YES, ANYTHING-- BUT IT'D BETTER WORK!

WITH FEVERISH HASTE, DAN AND JESSIE FOLLOWED THE GHOST'S WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS! THEN, AS SLADE RETURNED--

WELL, THE LIGHTS ARE FIXED! -- SAY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAT?



THE POOR THING-- SHE DIED SUDDENLY!

TOO BAD! WONDER WHAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN?

MIGHT AS WELL FINISH OUR COFFEE! HERE'S YOURS, MR. SLADE!



THE FIEND, UNSUSPECTING, LIFTED THE CUP TO HIS LIPS! SUDDENLY, AS IF SEARING FLAMES WERE RACING THROUGH HIS EVIL VEINS--



AAAGH!

AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT, HARRY SLADE HAD VANISHED INTO THE FOUL DEPTHS WHENCE HE HAD COME!

BY GEORGE! POURING THE POISONED CREAM INTO HIS CUP WORKED!

HE DIED BY HIS OWN HAND--AND WE'RE RID OF HIM FOR GOOD!



DAN -- THE CAT-- WHERE IS SHE?

SHE'S GONE, SWEETHEART-- AND THE SPIRIT OF JESSIE DAWES HAS FINALLY FOUND ETERNAL PEACE!



AND THUS DID THE FORCES OF GOOD SPAN THE CENTURIES TO DEFEAT EVIL--AS THEY WILL ALWAYS, TO THE END OF TIME!

The End

Forest SPECTER

"IF YOU shout loud enough, the ghost will come to you!" Will Reade chuckled. "You lack the courage to call, man!"

Jim Allen winced beneath his companion's contemptuous stare.

Will Reade was not superstitious. He did not believe in ghosts, and the Whispering Cave at Glen Falls which they were rapidly approaching in his mud-spattered, rattling wreck of a car held no terrors for him.

But it pleased Reade to pretend otherwise. He suspected that the little scrawny man at his side was a coward, and the cruelty in his nature, his contempt for human frailty in any form, had made him determined to prove it.

The two men had been neighbors for five years, but otherwise they had little in common. Reade was a huge, powerfully built farmer who neglected his crops and his livestock, and spent most of his time in town carousing. Allen was a generous and hard-working little man, and his farm had prospered. He was a bundle of nerves, and too imaginative for his own good, but no one had ever before accused him of cowardice.

He turned now in angry defiance,

his dark eyes flashing. "All right, Will," he said. "The legend says the ghost will come out of the cave if you call out to it. If you're set on putting it to the test, I'm willing to be the guinea pig!"

The shadows of night were falling fast, and the countryside was chill and dismal. Mist rolled toward the car from both sides of the road, and writhed up before them in spectral challenge, assuming weird and mind-chilling outlines.

Reade was silent for a moment. Then he said, with grim satisfaction: "It's just around the next turn. Remember now. You've got to shout at the top of your lungs or the ghost won't hear you!"

A moment later he drew in to the side of the road, and halted the car before a solid wall of tangled vegetation.

"Come on!" he urged. "Let's see how good you are at summoning a ghost!"

The two men plunged into the wood, following a narrow path until they stood before an enormous, lichen-encrusted rock cavern surrounded by lightning-blasted trees and pools of still, dark water.

It had grown darker, and every

shadow seemed fraught with menace. But the cave held no terror for Will Reade. Standing directly before the narrow, weed-choked entrance, he had difficulty in suppressing his merriment, which was malicious and tinged with envy. He envied the little man beside him all the qualities which had made him prosperous and well-liked in the village—his generosity, his industry, his simple goodness.

Now he would be exposed for what he really was—a coward to his soles!

"Shout, man!" Reade taunted. "If you'll make the test and stand your ground you'll have something real fine to brag about. I'll back you up when you tell it."

Allen stood very still, his mouth as dry as death. He remembered the few words he was supposed to shout, but somehow he couldn't utter them.

"Go ahead, summon the ghost!" Reade prodded.

The words came then, in a feeble, wavering croak.

"Come out, come out! We are men and do not fear you!"

Reade turned abruptly, his eyes flashing in malicious triumph. "You cowardly fool!" he mocked. "What's happened to your voice?"

Allen stared wildly about him. His knees were knocking together,

and a horrible feeling of suffocation filled his chest.

"You cowardly fool!" Reade yelled, throwing aside all pretense. "I'll show you how a *man* can shout!"

In a deep booming voice which sent echoes rolling through the wood, Reade shouted to the ghost. "*Come out, come out! We're men and do not fear you!*"

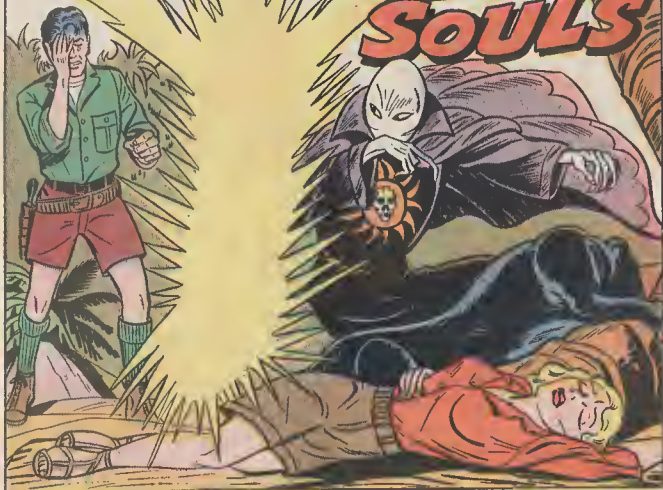
There was only a faint stirring at first, a twisting and swaying of the foliage which choked the cave entrance. And then—something hideous that gleamed with a dull phosphorescence and raised claw-like hands in the gloom! Before Reade could cry out or spring back, the monstrous thing was upon him. It moved with a fearful agility, its empty eye-sockets filled with a weaving radiance, and its long yellow teeth bared in mindless malice.

Reade's immense power helped him not at all. He screamed repeatedly as he felt his strength give out. Then the thing disappeared with him into the cave, and the screams were abruptly stifled. Almost, it seemed, with merciful intent, so that silence and peace could return to the wood.

Stunned and sick at heart, Allen stood for a moment in the stillness with dully beating heart, his eyes on the cave entrance. Then he turned and made his way stumblingly back to the road.

THE CONGO INTERIOR...IT SEEMED LIKE A WONDERFUL PLACE FOR A HONEYMOON! BUT DISASTER STALKED THE PERILOUS JUNGLE TRAILS AND DR. DANIEL MASTERS FOUND HIS BRIDE TAKEN FROM HIM FOREVER! ...UNLESS HE COULD RESCUE HER FROM THE GOD OF THE DEAD...!!H...

The LAIR of LOST SOULS

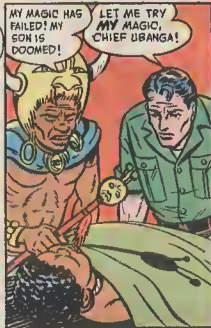
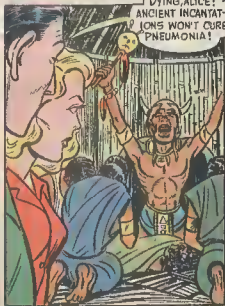


DEEP IN THE INTERIOR...

THE BOY IS DYING, ALICE! ANCIENT INCANTATIONS WON'T CURE PNEUMONIA!

MY MAGIC HAS FAILED! MY SON IS DOOMED!

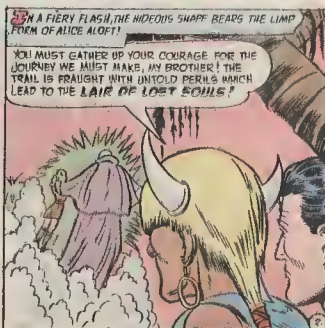
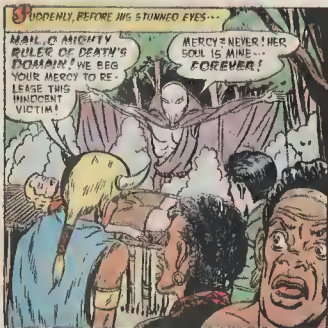
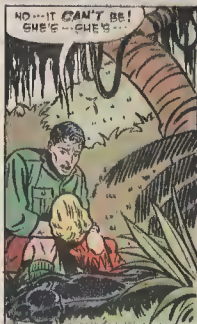
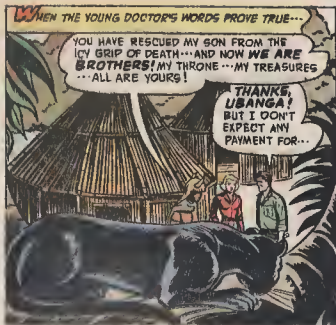
LET ME TRY MY MAGIC, CHIEF UBANGA!

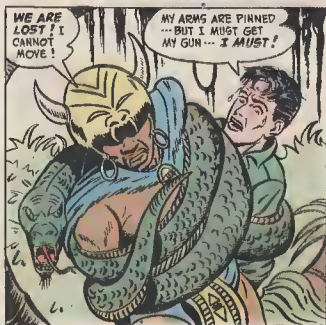


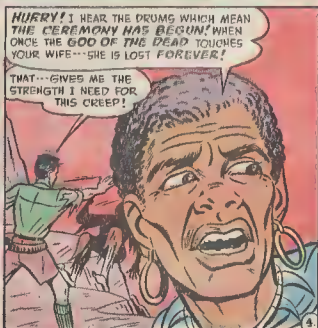
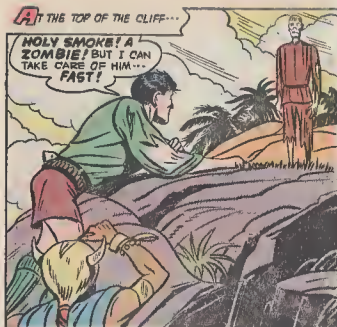
A QUICK SHOT OF PENICILLIN... FOLLOWED BY LONG HOURS OF WAITING, AND...

HE'S COME THROUGH THE CRISIS! THE BOY WILL LIVE!

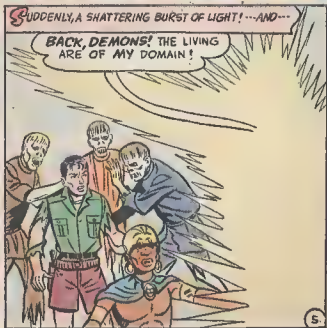
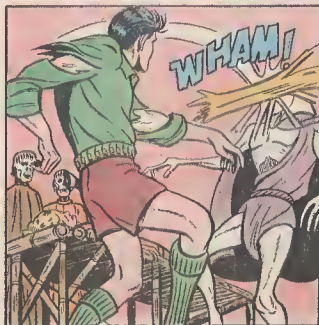
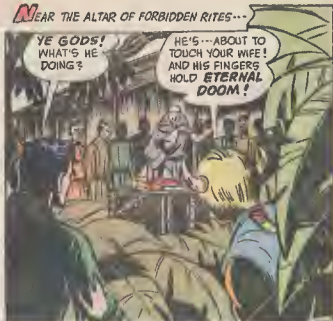








NEAR THE ALTAR OF FORBIDDEN RITES...



AS THE ZOMBIES SHRINK BACK IN TERROR...

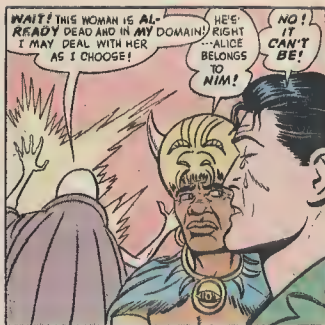
I CHARGE YOU TO RELEASE THESE MORTALS!
YOU HAVE NO POWER OVER THEIR SOULS!
THEY BELONG TO ME...**GOO OF THE LIVING!**



WAIT! THIS WOMAN IS **ALREADY** DEAD AND IN **MY** DOMAIN!
I MAY DEAL WITH HER
AS I CHOOSE!

HE'S
RIGHT
...ALICE
BELONGS
TO **NIM!**

**NO!
IT
CAN'T
BE!**

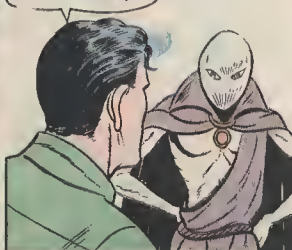


YOU ARE RIGHT, **DEATH!** I CANNOT
STOP YOU FROM CLAIMING WHAT IS
RIGHTFULLY YOURS!



DESPERATELY, DAN LEAPS FORWARD...

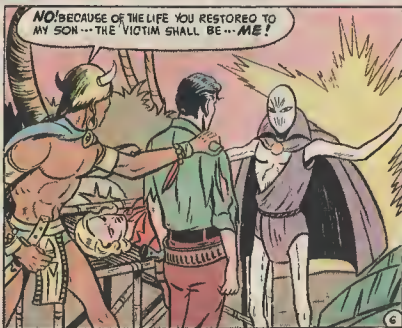
WAIT, O MIGHTY POWER! IF YOU MUST
CLAIM A LIFE...WHY NOT TRADE
ALICE'S FOR **MINE?**

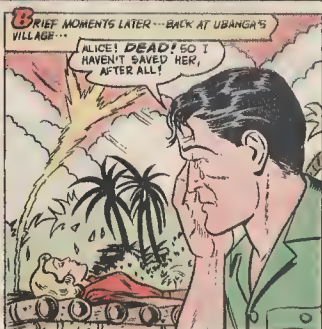
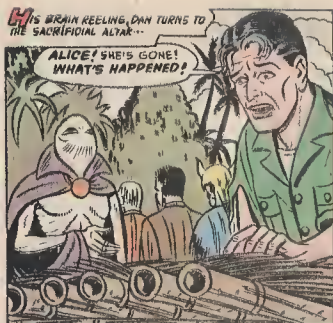
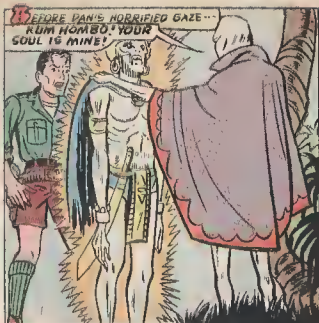


YOURS? YOU OFFER YOURSELF?...
I ACCEPT! YOUR LIFE...
FOR **HERS!**



NO! BECAUSE OF THE LIFE YOU RESTORED TO
MY SON...THE VICTIM SHALL BE...**ME!**





UNCANNY MYSTERIES

The HORRIFYING HOROSCOPE

ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING EXAMPLES OF AN ASTROLOGICAL PROPHECY COMING TRUE OCCURRED EARLY IN THE 18TH CENTURY IN INDIA---LAND OF OCCULT MYSTERIES! IT TOOK PLACE WHEN A HINDU ASTROLOGER WAS SEIZED BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES IN THE PUNJAB AND BROUGHT BEFORE **LT. FONTSBURY** IN COMMAND OF THE OUTPOST---

SO YOU CLAIM TO BE AN **ASTROLOGER**, EH? WELL, YOU SEEM TOO HARMLESS TO BE A SPY, SO I'LL RELEASE YOU---BUT ONLY ON CONDITION THAT YOU READ **MY HOROSCOPE!**

GREAT CHIEFTAIN, TELL ME YOUR DATE OF BIRTH---AND I SHALL PRONOUNCE WHAT FATE THE STARS FORETELL FOR YOU!

AFTER THE LIEUTENANT GAVE HIS BIRTH DATE---

I SEE **FORTUNE AND EVIL** AHEAD OF YOU! WITHIN TEN REVOLUTIONS OF THE SUN AND THREE REVOLUTIONS OF THE MOON, YOU WILL BE A RICH LORD---AND YOU WILL RISE TO FORTUNE ON A LADDER MADE OF **ELEVEN CORPSES!** BUT THREE MORE REVOLUTIONS OF THE SUN AND TWO REVOLUTIONS OF THE MOON---AND **SILK** WILL CAUSE YOUR DEATH!... THE STARS HAVE SPOKEN!

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT SCOFFED AT THE PROPHECY---BUT WITHIN TEN YEARS AND THREE MONTHS, HIS FATHER AND TEN OLDER BROTHERS HAD DIED, LEAVING HIM HEIR TO AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE! THE NEW LORD FONTSBURY RETURNED TO ENGLAND A WORRIED MAN---

THE FIRST PART OF THAT HINDU'S PROPHECY **DID** COME TRUE! TEN REVOLUTIONS OF THE SUN AND THREE OF THE MOON ADD UP TO TEN YEARS AND THREE MONTHS---AND I **DID** RISE TO FORTUNE ON A LADDER OF **ELEVEN CORPSES!** BUT NOW I---I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THE **SECOND** PART OF THE PROPHECY DOESN'T COME TRUE!

I FORBID THE USE OF **ALL SILK** IN THE CASTLE---THERE'S NOT TO BE A SINGLE STRAND OF IT HERE!

YES, MY LORD!

BUT LORD FONTSBURY RETURNED TO SERVICE IN INDIA WHEN FRESH TROUBLE BROKE OUT THERE---AND EXACTLY THIRTEEN YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS AFTER THE EPISODE WITH THE ASTROLOGER, HE WAS STRANGLED BY A FANATICAL "THUG"---WHOSE WEAPON WAS A **SILKEN ROPE!** THE STARS HAD FORETOLD HIS DESTINY!

THE PROPHECY---AGH---IT IS---**FULFILLED!**

FIEND of MIDNIGHT



CAN A MURDEROUS TRAGEDY OF THE LONG-DEAD PAST CONDEMN SPIRITS TO WANDER? CAN THE BREATH OF BURIED EVIL BLIGHT THE LIVING? DON'T BE TOO QUICK TO DENY THE POSSIBILITY, READER! HEAR THE STRANGE STORY OF THE CRAIG LEGEND...MEET THE FIEND OF MIDNIGHT...AND THEN GIVE YOUR ANSWER ...THROUGH TREMBLING LIPS!

IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE...

TO JOHN CRAIG, MY ONLY SURVIVING DESCENDANT, I BEQUEATH THIS HISTORIC SABER...AND THE KEY TO THE FAMILY FORTUNE...IF HE DARES TO SEEK IT!



THIS IS MY FATHER'S LEGACY? ONLY THIS?

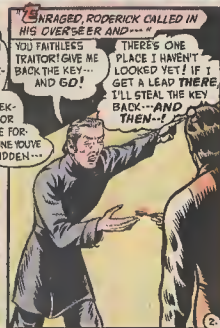
YES, BUT THE KEY IS MOST IMPORTANT! YOUR FATHER SENT IT TO ME JUST BEFORE HE DIED!



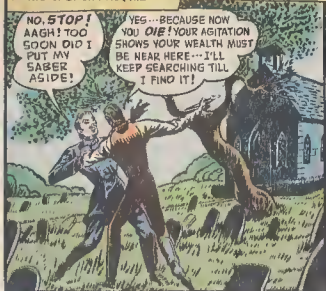
SUDDENLY, FROM THE SABER CASE...A SPECTRAL FORM LUNGES TOWARD THE KEY!

GREAT, SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT?





"THAT NIGHT, RODERICK FOUND THE OVERSEER PROWLING IN THE CHURCHYARD! THEN..."



NO, STOP!
AAGH! TOO
SOON DID I
PUT MY
SABER
ASIDE!

YES...BECAUSE NOW
YOU **DIE!** YOUR AGITATION
SHOWS YOUR WEALTH MUST
BE NEAR HERE...I'LL
KEEP SEARCHING TILL
I FIND IT!

"BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR FURTHER SEARCH...THE EVIL OVERSEER WAS EXECUTED FOR HIS FOUL MURDER! ON THE GALLOWES..."



BECAUSE YOU MURDERED MY
HUSBAND, I **CURSE YOU**
ETERNALLY! YOUR EVIL
SPIRIT SHALL ROAM THE
EARTH, BARRED FROM THE
GRAVE, UNTIL THERE IS
A **FINAL RECKONING!**

"BUT SO IT HAS BEEN! THE CRAIG FORTUNE REMAINS HIDDEN TO THIS DAY...AND THE SPIRIT OF THE OVERSEER, NOW KNOWN AS THE **FIEND OF MIDNIGHT**, IS DOOMED TO WANDER! IT WILL LOSE ALL MORTAL POWER AND RETURN TO ITS GRAVE ONLY WHEN THE FORTUNE IS FOUND BY ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER! TILL THEN...IT IS FREE TO PREY UPON THE TERROR-STRICKEN COUNTRYSIDE!"



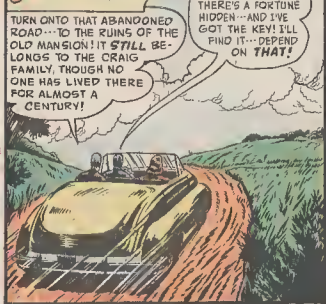
HELP!
HELP!
IT'S THE
FIEND!

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, MR. CRAIG! SOME SAY THAT ONLY A DESCENDANT OF THE CRAIG FAMILY SHALL BE ABLE TO FIND THE HIDDEN FORTUNE...UNLESS THE **FIEND OF MIDNIGHT** GETS THERE FIRST!

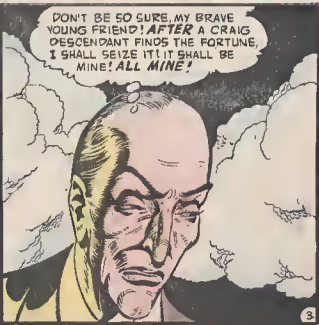


IT'S MY RIGHTFUL HERITAGE, AND I'M WILLING TO **FIGHT** FOR IT! TAKE ME OUT TO THE OLD PLACE...I'M READY TO FACE THE **FIEND** AT HIS WORST!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



BUT SOMEWHERE THERE'S A FORTUNE HIDDEN...AND I'VE GOT THE KEY! I'LL FIND IT...DEPEND ON **THAT!**

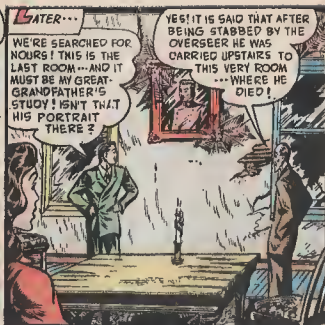


DON'T BE SO SURE, MY BRAVE YOUNG FRIEND! AFTER A CRAIG DESCENDANT FINDS THE FORTUNE, I SHALL SEIZE IT! IT SHALL BE MINE! ALL MINE!



JOHN, LET'S TURN BACK! I'M **AFRAID**! LET THE DEAD DEAL WITH THE DEAD! FORGET THE FORTUNE! LIFE...AND THE FUTURE...IS MORE PRECIOUS TO US!

NO, RITA...THERE'S **MORE** THAN A FORTUNE AT STAKE! I AM THE LAST CRAIG...AND I **MUST** SETTLE...ONCE AND FOR ALL...WITH THE FIEND OF MIDNIGHT!



LATER...
WE'RE SEARCHED FOR HOURS! THIS IS THE LAST ROOM...AND IT MUST BE MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S STUDY! ISN'T THAT HIS PORTRAIT THERE?

YES! IT IS SAID THAT AFTER BEING STABBED BY THE OVERSEER HE WAS CARRIED UPSTAIRS TO THIS VERY ROOM...WHERE HE DIED!



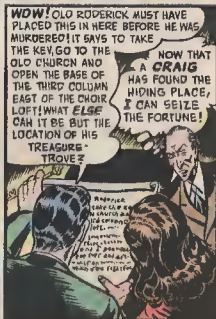
THE TREASURES NOT HERE, EITHER! BUT IT'S GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE...WE **MUST** FIND IT!

YES, AND WHEN YOU DO...IT SHALL BE **MINE**!



SUDDENLY...THE WALL AGAINST WHICH JOHN IS LEANING GIVES AWAY AND...

WHAT THE...!
IT'S A **SECRET** COMPARTMENT! AND WHAT'S THIS?



WOW! OLO RODERICK MUST HAVE PLACED THIS IN HERE BEFORE HE WAS MURDERED! IT SAYS TO TAKE THE KEY GO TO THE OLO CHURCH AND OPEN THE BASE OF THE THIRD COLUMN EAST OF THE CHOIR LOFT! WHAT ELSE CAN IT BE BUT THE LOCATION OF HIS TREASURE-
TROVE?

NOW THAT A **CRAIG** HAS FOUND THE HIDING PLACE, I CAN SEIZE THE FORTUNE!



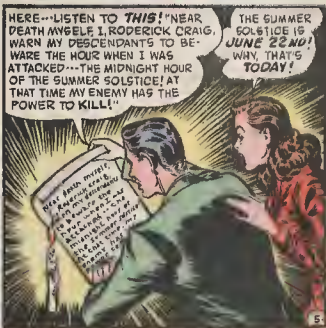
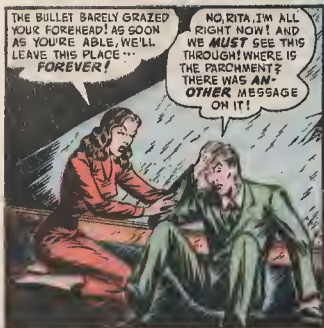
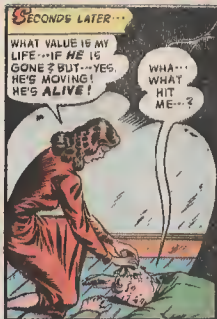
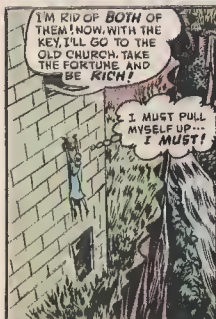
HAND OVER THAT KEY! UNTIL NOW I NEEDED YOU... BUT NOW THAT THE MONEY IS WITHIN GRASP... **YOU'RE USELESS!**

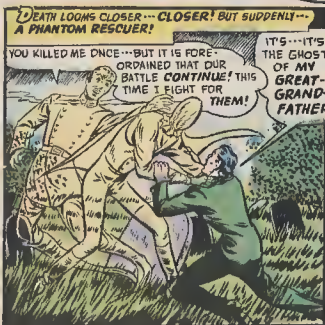
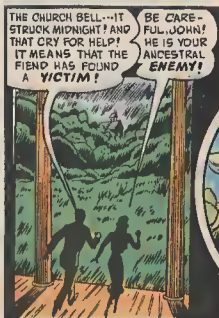
SO THAT'S YOUR GAME! YOU'RE A TRAITOR TO YOUR TRUST-- LIKE MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S OVERSEER! AND YOU'LL MEET THE **SAME FATE!**

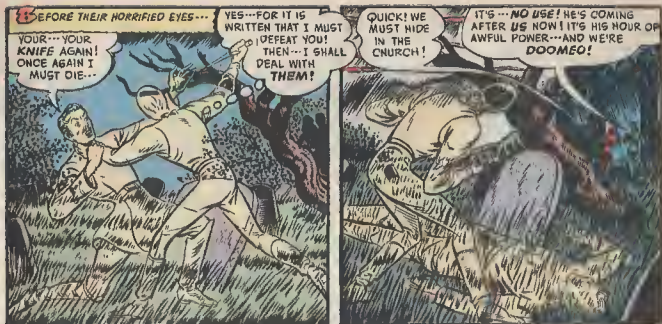


DIE, THEN! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY... **MUCH BETTER!** AND NOW...
THE KEY!

ONH, YOU'VE **KILLED** HIM!









FLASH!

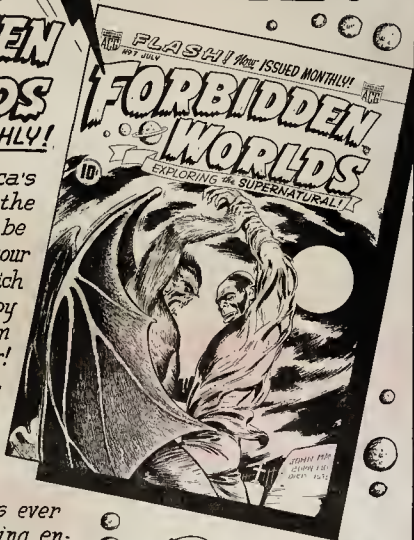
*You asked
for it...*

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

Now APPEARS MONTHLY!

That's right--America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires--twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read



FORBIDDEN WORLDS

THE MIRACLE
**MONTHLY
MAGAZINE**

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED
Send Coupon**

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

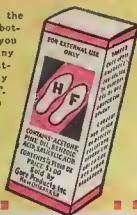
Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc. A
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____